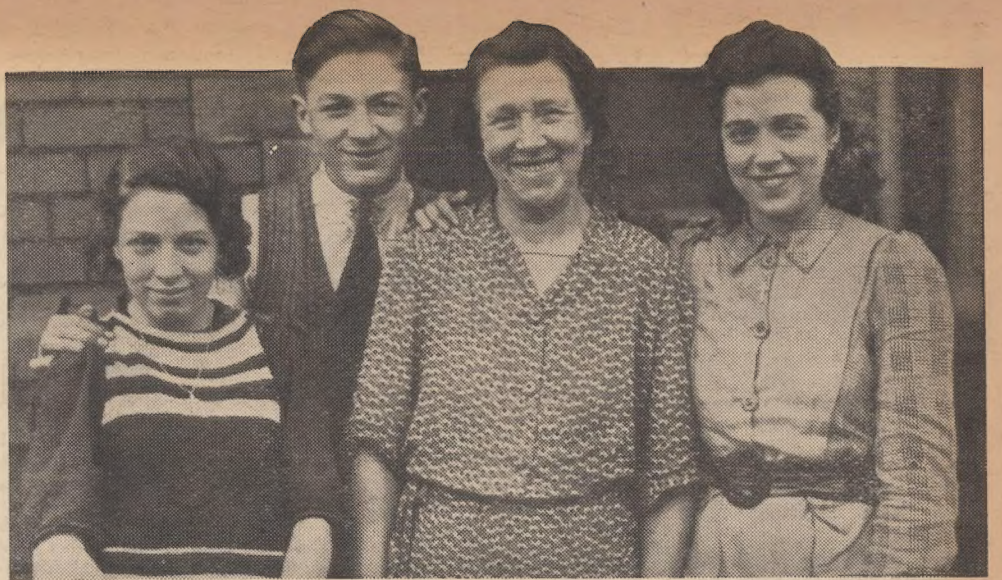


Good 556 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

★
TEASING DAYS
ARE OVER,
A.B. ARTHUR
KENDALL
★



W. H. MILLIER tells the oddest story of boxing personalities, the unheralded visit to this country of Harry Collins, Australia's middle-weight star

Mystery Champ said: "I am Incognito"

I AM no lover of trite remarks, and if I use the well-worn aphorism that "truth is stranger than fiction," it is only to point out that fiction is permitted to be scattered broadcast and the truth is all too frequently banished to the bottom of the deepest well.

You may have observed that I have pumped somewhat copiously from my private well, and I trust that in the process I have not brought up any mud with the beverage. However, the well is not drying up yet. When it begins to draw on the dregs, that will be the time to stop the pump from working.

Here is a story that may sound a little like fiction. I only know that if I had gone out of my way to try to invent some such story for the needs of the moment, I should never have succeeded in framing anything like this one.

It was in the days when I used to frequent the old National Sporting Club, which, alas, is no more. I was on my way out and bidding good day to the hall porter when a quite ordinary-looking young man, pushed the swing door at the moment I had my hand on it, and I went back with an unexpected momentum.

I should have resumed my way out without further thought if the visitor had not betrayed his place of origin with his accent when apologising. He was unmistakably Australian.

I waited a moment whilst he asked the hall porter if there were any letters for Harry Collins, of Australia. There were not.

Harry Collins! Quite a very

ordinary name, you may think. But not to me at that time. This was a name that had been well to the front in boxing circles.

Harry Collins was middle-weight champion of Australia. He had beaten many of the world's best boxers, and had received lucrative offers to fight in America and in England, but he was doing so well in Australia that he turned down all offers to box abroad.

This only served to make boxing enthusiasts in this country all the more anxious to see this outstanding champion, and I expect much the same was felt in the United States.

Now, I must explain that whenever any boxer of note left his country to come to England I was, at that time, sure to know of this long before his arrival here. I had received no information concerning the departure of Harry Collins from Australia, and the moment I heard that name mentioned in the doorway of the National Sporting Club, it held more interest for me than if the visitor had said he was the King of Cambodia.

"Are you Harry Collins?" I asked.

Before replying he looked at me in a curious way and shifted from one foot to the other, entirely unlike the usual forthright son of Australia.

At last he said, "Yes, I am, but I don't want anyone to know that I am in England."

This was something new to me. I must have met many hundreds of visiting boxers on their arrival in this country and was well-acquainted with their desire to

be met with banners unfurled and brass bands playing, but never during this period Lucas had been before had I met one who wished away from Australia.

I made an attempt to skate over see the boxer who had done so well, but, he, too, was puzzled, and he, too, was puzzled at the unheralded arrival. Eventually, he had lost a lot of his awkwardness and became more talkative.

He explained that only a few intimate friends knew that he had left Australia. He had not come here to seek engagements. On the contrary, he had left Australia to get away from the boxing ring.

His doctor had warned him that he was in danger of a serious breakdown, because he had taken too much out of himself by engaging in too many punishing fights at very short intervals. Just before his last fight the doctor had told him to give the game a rest, but he had persisted, and the result was the threatened breakdown.

Collins made no secret of the fact that he was banking all his purse-money, and he told us that he wanted to keep piling it up whilst the going was good. He did not want to jeopardise his earning capacity in the ring by letting it be known that he had broken down, so he thought it best to slip away quietly.

A friend of his, a marine engineer, offered to sign him on as a member of the crew of the tramp steamer to which he belonged. As they were leaving for England almost immediately Collins jumped at the opportunity.

I saw that Lucas was greatly interested. To him, this was in

GET ready, Able Seaman Arthur C. Kendall, of 29 Church Road, Horfield, Bristol 7, to send off a cable of congratulations, if you can, to your 23-year-old Auntie Win.

Your mother's young sister, she's the gal you like to call "my sister Win."

But you may as well know right away that you won't be able to tease her like you used to do.

For Win—a pretty aunt to have, Arthur—has just got engaged to Private Ted Court, a Bristol boy serving in the Army somewhere in Essex.

Your mother says: "This is news that Arthur will be delighted to hear, but tell him his teasing days are over now."

So there you are, Arthur. It looks like wedding bells in 1945.

Ted, by the way, was in business as a butcher in Bristol before the war. Maybe you'll be all right for a juicy steak or two in happier days to come!

Now you'll like to hear something about the other members of your happy family at No. 39.

Well, there's Jean, your kid sister. She's almost fourteen now, you know, and will be leaving school at the end of the Easter term.

A bright girl if ever there was, Jean has just come out top of the class in her latest examinations. Naturally, Mum and Dad are as proud as any parents could be.

When she leaves Ashley Down School, Jean wants to go to work at Wills's cigarette factory with your brother, Raymond.

But Mum isn't really very keen on the idea, so nothing is being decided yet. Perhaps she might find clerical work in an office, because Jean is quite adept at figures.

Raymond, fifteen and manly now, is literally following in your footsteps in his leisure hours. For, like you, dancing is his pastime, and he goes to all the halls you used to patronise.

True to brotherly type, no girl can claim to be his regular dancing partner. But mother says, "There's quite a few running after him."

Finally, a word from Dad: "Tell Arthur," he says, "I'm keeping his money safe for him." But they're all wondering what you're going to do with that sizeable roll when you come sailing home again.

Good luck and good hunting, Arthur!

the nature of manna from the skies. He had struck a bad patch and scarcely had two coins to jingle in his pocket. He realised that his fellow Australian was fond of rolling in the dough and was ready to play up to this.

"Well, now that you are here," said Lucas, "you had better cash in. You can earn big money here. Don't tell me that you are going back without having a fight in London."

Collins did not hesitate long. He said he might alter his ideas if the money was big enough.

"You can leave that to me," said Lucas. "Before we go any further, let us draw up a contract, and I will manage your business so long as you remain on this side of the world."

Without further ado Lucas hurried away to a typewriting agency and came back within a matter of minutes with a document all ready for Collins to sign his name on the dotted line.

When Collins had departed after he had made arrangements to book a room for him and to meet him next day, I asked Lucas what he thought about this unexpected turn up.

"Well, I've been doing a lot of quick thinking. At first I thought you had been landed with an imposter, but after he opened up I began to see that there might be something in his story. If he's the real Harry Collins, then it means that my bad days are over for a spell; but if he does happen to be a wrong 'un, then I haven't lost much, anyway. Still, I am going to get this contract stamped at Somerset House just to be on the safe side."

I wished him luck and we parted. On my way to my office I called on the leading boxing

promoter for a chat and to gather anything useful in the way of news. The promoter was not happy.

He had fixed a contest with two of our leading middle-weights, and one of them had met with an injury and would not be able to box for some time. He was at his wits end to find another of similar standing.

I chuckled and told him that I would find the boxer he wanted. "Name him," said he.

"Not until to-morrow," said I. "For the love of mike get me out of my misery, that is, if you can produce the impossible," was his way of putting it.

"When you open your paper in the morning," I said, "you will see a name that will conjure up visions of a full house. It is up to you to sign him up before anyone else gets him. I'll tell his manager to call on you in the morning."

Well, my hearties, my friend, the promoter, was annoyed at having to wait until the morrow to know the name of a boxer who might, and might not—so far as he knew—be the very man that he wanted, but I trust you will not be annoyed at having to wait until tomorrow's "Good Morning" to read what happened to this notable visitor from Australia.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Family News for A.B. Reg. Jones

YOUR girl Beryl was at 6 Somery Road, Stonehouse, Selly Oak, Birmingham, when we called, A.B. Reginald Jones—it was so late that Jessie was in bed. But she soon woke up when she heard us all laughing downstairs, and she got up and dressed specially to have her picture taken for you.

Beryl thanks you for your lovely parcel, and she whispered to us, "Send him my very best love and lots of kisses."

Your mother has also received a parcel from you. The family are home for Christmas, and Nancy and Sam will be there. By the way, there has been an addition to the family. Paddy has had a puppy.

Jimmy Armstrong is home from Canada and has been to see your parents. Oscar is engaged, and Harry Winfield has a son. Charlie, who is in Italy, is expected home in the New Year.

Your Pop had not long been in when we took the picture. He had had a hard day gardening.



Continuing "A HARBOUR OF REFUGE" - - - By W. W. JACOBS

The Bruiser was no Cook

AT this hint the others came out of their bunks and fell to, and the "Bruiser" became affable.

"It's wonderful wot I can turn my 'and to," he remarked pleasantly. "Things come natural to me that other men have to learn. You'd better put a bit of raw beef on that eye o' yours, Sam."

The thoughtless Sam clapped on a piece from his plate, and it was only by the active intercession of the rest of the crew that the sensitive cook was prevented from inflicting more punishment.

From this time forth the "Bruiser" ruled the roost, and his temper soured by his trials, ruled it with a rod of iron. The crew, with the exception of Dowse, were small men getting into years, and quite unable to cope with him. His attitude with the skipper was dangerously deferential, and the latter was sorely perplexed to think of a way out of the mess in which he found himself.

"He means business, George,"

he said one day to the mate, as he saw the "Bruiser" watching him intently from the galley.

"He looks at you worse an' worse," was the mate's cheering reply. "The cooking's spoiling what little temper he's got left as fast as possible."

"It's the scandal I'm thinking of," groaned the skipper; "all becos' I like to be a bit pleasant to people."

"You mustn't look at the black side o' things," said the mate; "perhaps you won't want to need to worry about that after he's hit you. I'd sooner be kicked by a horse myself. He was telling them down for'ard the other night that he killed a chap once."

The skipper turned green. "He ought to have been hung for it," he said vehemently. "I wonder what juries think

they're for in this country. If loafers aboard here," continued the mate, airily addressing the atmosphere, "and, blank my eyes! if they don't think they're here to be waited on. You'll want me to wash your face for you next, and do all your other dirty work, you—"

"Look here!" said the mate suddenly; "I've got an idea. You wash your face for you next, and go down below and I'll call him up and start rating him. When I'm in the thick of it you come and stick up for him."

"George," said the skipper, with glistening eyes, "you're a wonder. Lay it on thick, and if he hits you I'll make it up to you in some way."

He went below, and the mate, after waiting for some time, leaned over the wheel and shouted for the cook.

"What do you want?" growled the "Bruiser," as he thrust a visage all red and streaky with his work from the galley.

"Why the devil don't you wash them saucers up?" demanded the mate, pointing to a row which stood on the deck. "Do you think we shipped you becos we wanted a broken-nosed, tenth-rate prize-fighter to look at?"

"Tenth-rate!" roared the "Bruiser," coming out on to the deck.

"Don't you roar at your officer," said the mate sternly. "Your manners is worse than your cooking. You'd better stay with us a few trips to improve 'em."

The "Bruiser" turned purple, and shivered with impotent wrath. "We get a parcel o' pot-house

George!" said a sad, reprov-ing voice.

The mate started dramatically as the skipper appeared at the companion, and stopped abruptly.

"For shame, George!" said straight, 'as Bill Simmons, and the skipper. "I never expected to hear you talk to anybody like that, especially to my friend Mr. Simmons."

"Don't you take the trouble to go 'ot all over on my account," said the "Bruiser" politely.

"I can't help my feelings, Bill," said the skipper softly.

"And don't you call me Bill," roared the "Bruiser" with sudden ferocity. "D'ye think I mind what you and your little tinpot crew say. You wait till we get ashore, my friend, and the mate, too. Both of you wait!"

He turned his back on them and walked off to the galley, from which, with a view of giving them an object-lesson of an entertaining kind, he presently emerged with a small sack of potatoes, which he slung from the boom and used as a punching ball, dealing blows which made the master of the Frolic sick with apprehension.

"Oh, you're always sticking up for him," said the artful mate.

"He deserves it," said the skipper warmly. "He's always run

"It's no good," he said to the mate; "kindness is thrown away on that man."

"Well, if he hits one, he's got to hit the lot," said the mate. "We'll all stand by you."

"I can't always have the crew following me about," said the

(Continued on Page 3)

THE WHITE HOUSE

BEING President of the U.S.A. the multiplying staff on whom (1944) means something all this money is being spent. By the time it was finished, it was too small. Roosevelt's Nobody seems to have pointed assistants still had to move out. In the 1920's the President had a handful of secretaries. Now he employs 687. In 1939, his executive officers were listed in one page of the Congressional Directory. Now they take up 13 pages of small type.

What sort of men are these White House employees? Well, the oldest of them, Ira Smith, has been on duty there since 1897. He is a quiet-looking, bespectacled fellow. His job—besides sorting the incoming letters, which vary between 2,000 and 10,000 a day.

The President has 15 mail boxes, his assistants have one each. His wife has two, just labelled "Mrs. R."

A new wing was built on the White House in 1942 to house

largely anonymous, even in America. There is Grace Tully, his personal secretary, a smart, grey-haired woman, who keeps his confidential files, types his speeches, signs his cheques for him. There is Tom Blake, a heavy, tough young man, who helps handle newspapers and radio. Jonathan Daniels, whose job it is to smooth out the rough spots in government. "We get the dead bodies," he says, "and try to blow life into them."

Gordon Rich

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 555

1. A stolon is a punctuation mark, part of a flower, priest's vestment, fungus, young plant shoot?
2. What bird lays fewest eggs, and how many?
3. What instrument would you mount on an altazimuth stand?
4. Who was called the "Lion of the North"?

1. Thin silk.
2. Liliith.
3. Attila the Hun (A.D. 406-453).
4. 42.
5. Twice. Craganour in 1913, Running Rein in 1844.
6. 23, whose digits add up to 5; others all add up to 9.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THE most-discussed man in British entertainment these days is J. Arthur Rank, millionaire chief of the Odeon-Gaumont organisations.

Rank has vowed to get British films shown throughout the world. His recent announcement that he had acquired space to build a cinema in New York was just the first of many striking steps he is taking to fulfil his vow.

Last week came further reports. He has envoys in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia. John Davis, joint managing director of Odeon Theatres, is in Canada negotiating a deal for shares in the Canadian Odeon undertaking.

A deal for the release of British pictures in South Africa is well under way, and Rank also plans new cinemas there. A new British renting company is being formed in India.

And Rank says that all the key cities and towns in France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Sweden and Norway, will soon be showing British films under arrangements now being made.



PREMISES for the first of Britain's new boarding schools for working-class boys have been acquired at Ottersham Park, Surrey, reports the "Daily Telegraph."

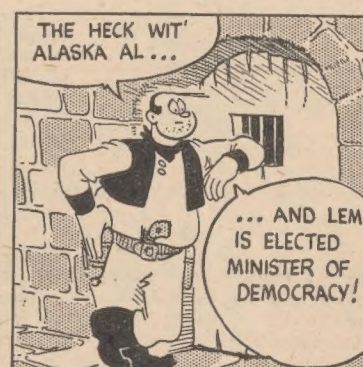
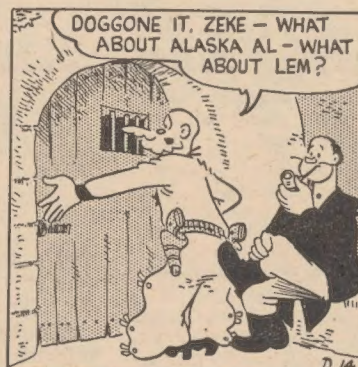
The school, which will be opened as soon as the war ends, will be one of the new type advocated in the Fleming Report of July, 1944.

The report recommended that public schools—for example, the celebrated historic boarding schools such as Eton and Harrow—should be made available to all suitable children, irrespective of income. The boys will be selected from elementary schools, and tuition will be free.

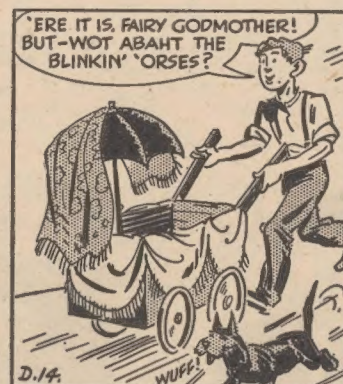
A sliding scale of payments may be introduced for board according to the means of the parents. The new schools will have all the features of Britain's famous public schools.

The number of boarding schools has not yet been decided, but it is anticipated there will be at least two or three in every county. That is approximately 100 throughout the country.

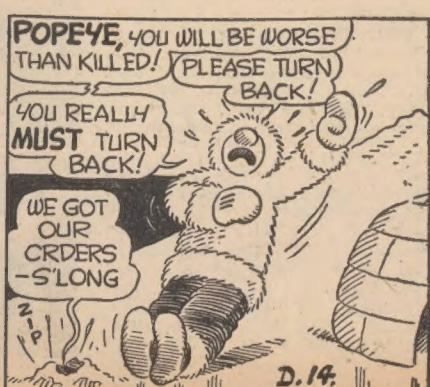
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—495

1. Insert consonants in A*O*E* and *I*O*A* and get two groups of islands.
2. Here are two tradesmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
ERLACO — NAMPARD.
3. If "pair" is the "air" of couples, what is the air of (a) Climbing, (b) Polished Manners?
4. Find the two poisonous wild flowers hidden in: Take them, lock them in with the hen, ban eggs from the kitchen for a week.

Answers to Wangling Words No. 494

1. MONTANA, NEBRASKA.
2. MILKMAN—BAKER.
3. (a) Sage, (b) Menagerie.
4. Cat's-up, Pick-les.

JANE



"A HARBOUR OF REFUGE"

(Continued from Page 2) skipper dejectedly. "No, he'll wait his opportunity, and, after he's broke my head, he'll go 'ome and break my wife's 'art." "She won't break 'er 'art," said the mate confidently. "She and you'll have a rough time of it; p'raps it would be better for you if she did break it a bit, but she's not that sort of woman. Well, those of us as lives longest'll see the most."

For the remainder of that day the cook maintained a sort of unnatural calm. The *Frolic* rose and fell on the seas like a cork, and the "Bruiser" took short unpremeditated little runs about the deck, which aggravated him exceedingly. Between the runs he folded his arms on the side, and languidly cursed the sea and all that belonged to it; and finally, having lost all desire for food himself, went below and turned in.

He stayed in his bunk the whole of the next day and night, awaking early the following morning to the pleasant fact that the motion had

ceased, and that the sides and floor of the fo'c'sle were in the places where people of regular habits would expect to find them. The other bunks were empty, and, after a toilet hastened by a yearning for nourishment, he ran up on deck. Day had just broken, and he found to his surprise that the voyage was over, and the schooner in a small harbour, lying alongside a stone quay. A few unloaded trucks stood on a railway line which ran from the harbour to the town clustered behind it, but there was no sign of work or life; this and in no hurry to quit them.

The "Bruiser," with a happy smile on his face, surveyed the scene, sniffing with joy the smell of the land as it came fresh and sweet from the hills at the back of the town. There was only one thing wanting to complete his happiness—the skipper.

"Where's the cap'n?" he demanded of Dowse, who was methodically coiling a line.

"Just gone 'ome," replied Dowse shortly.

In a great hurry the "Bruiser" sprang on to the side and stepped ashore, glancing keenly in every direction for his prey. There was no sign of it, and he ran a little way up the road until he saw the approaching figure of a man, from whom he hoped to obtain information. Then, happening to look back, he saw the masts of the schooner gliding by the quay, and, retracing his steps a little, perceived, to his intense surprise, the figure of the skipper standing by the wheel.

"Ta, ta, cookie!" cried the skipper cheerily.

Angry and puzzled, the "Bruiser" ran back to the edge of the quay, and stood owlishly regarding the schooner and the grinning faces of its crew as they hoisted the sails and slowly swung around with their bow pointing to the sea.

"Well, they ain't making a long stay, old man," said a voice at his elbow, as the man for whom he had been waiting came up. "Why, they only came in ten minutes ago. What did they come in for, do you know?"

"They belong here," said the "Bruiser"; "but me and the skipper's had words, and I'm waiting for 'im."

"That craft don't belong here," said the stranger, as he eyed the receding *Frolic*.

"Yes, it does," said the "Bruiser."

"I tell you it don't," said the other. "I ought to know."

"Look here, my friend," said the "Bruiser" grimly, "don't contradict me. That's the 'Frolic' of Fairhaven."

"Very likely," said the man. "I don't know where she's from, but she's not from here."

"Why," said the "Bruiser," and his voice shook, "ain't this Fairhaven?"

"Lord love you, no!" said the stranger; "not by a couple o' hundred miles it ain't. Wot put

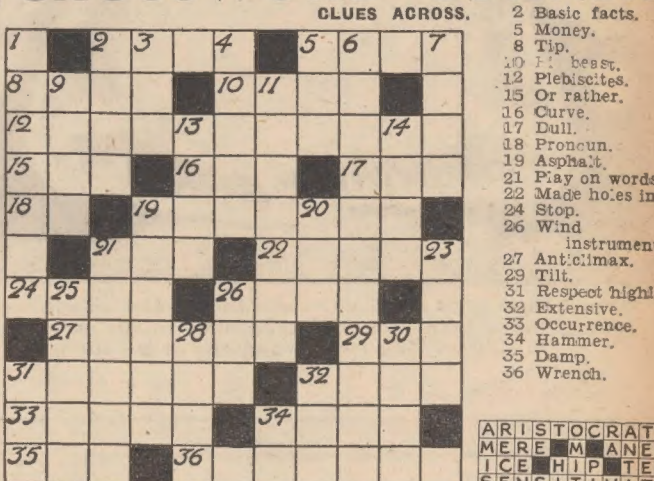
that idea into your silly fat head?"

The frantic "Bruiser" raised his fist at the description, but at that moment the crew of the *Frolic*, which was just getting clear of the harbour, hung over the stern and gave three hearty cheers. The stranger was of a friendly and excitable disposition, and, his evil star being in the ascendant that morning, he took off his hat and cheered wildly back. Immediately afterwards he obtained unasked the post of whipping-boy to the master of the *Frolic*, and entered upon his new duties at once.

THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

CROSSWORD CORNER



ARISTOCRATS
MERE M ANEW
ICE HIP TEA
SENSITIVITY
SPEED COCOS
T NEWEL T
CAST Y TRAM
ACE GEE ALE
BLEAR VOILE
LEDGE INSET
ESSAY LEERS

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TO-DAY'S STAR

MARY LEE

MARY LEE became a career girl at the age of twelve. She was born in Centralia, Illinois, on October 24th, 1924, but soon moved to Ottawa, Illinois. Here she occasionally sang at her father's lodge meetings. When Mary was twelve, Ted Weems, famous band leader, happened to pass through Ottawa, and also happened to be looking for a girl singer. Weems was so impressed by Mary and her personality that he promised to give her a try.

For two years Mary toured the country with the band, and she was featured in every important hotel and night club.

Gene Autry, invited to visit New York while Mary and the band were playing at one of the night clubs, heard Mary sing, after which it was arranged for Mary to travel by plane to Hollywood to play in the cowboy star's next picture, "South of the Border."

Mary has also played in other Autry pictures, such as "Rancho Grande," "Gaucha Serenade," "Carolina Moon," "Ride Tenderfoot Ride," "Melody Ranch," "Ridin' on a Rainbow," and "Back in the Saddle." She was also given a singing part in "Melody Girl," a Republic musical, and then starred in "Barnyard Follies."

As a result of her fine work, Mary has been signed under a long-term contract for Republic, and she will be placed in other starring roles. She attends the Mar-Ken private school, and speaks French fluently. Her favourite subject is English, but she is sure she'll never learn how to spell. Her favourite colour is red. In addition to her professional talents, Mary sews and cooks.

She lives with her parents in Hollywood, and has two sisters. She is an excellent swimmer and horseback rider. She has brown hair and brown eyes, is just five feet tall, and weighs an even hundred pounds.

Alex Cracks

"And what is your pleasure, madam?" asked the superbly dressed shopwalker as a little woman in black bustled in.

"I want a cap for my husband."

The shopwalker introduced her to a young man who knew all about headgear.

"What size does your husband wear, madam?"

"Er—well, really, I forget," admitted the little lady with a blush, "but his collars are sixteen. I expect he'd want an eighteen or twenty for a cap, wouldn't he?"

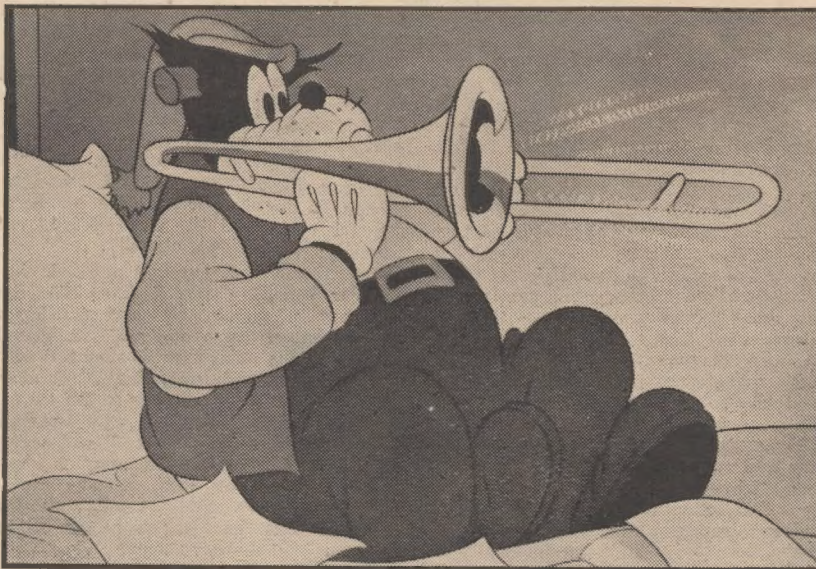
Good Morning

They're Goofy But They're Fun

Glamour girls come and go. Strong men with jaws like granite (and heads of the same material) strut their piece on the screen, and are forgotten. Even "The Voice" will one day lose its power to make women swoon in the aisles. But Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto and all the rest never fail us—bless 'em.



Donald Duck joins the Commando Ducks, and, as you would expect, takes both Japs and crocodiles in his stride. It's the latest "Donald"—and one of the funniest.



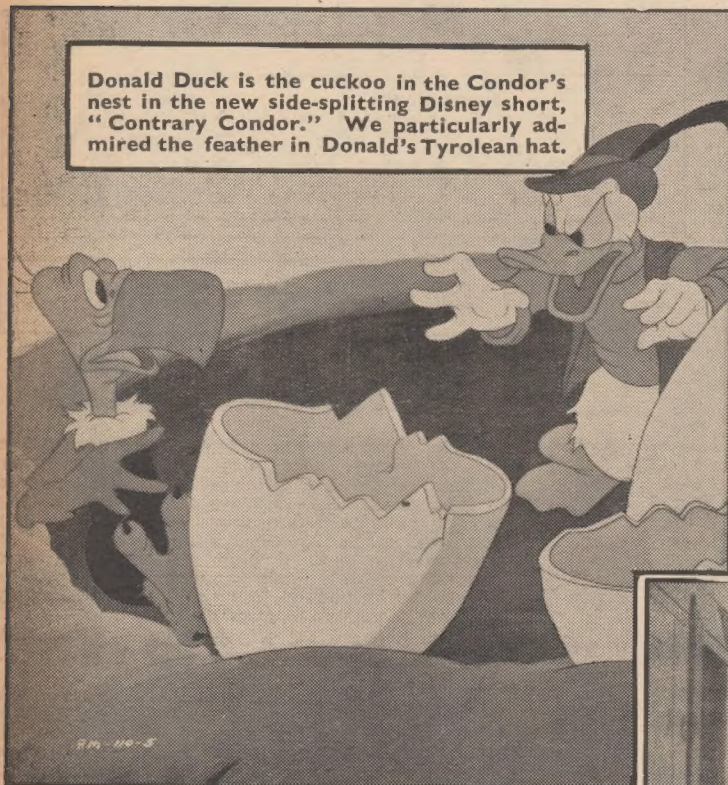
When Goofy plays the trombone and Donald Duck does "a Thomas Beecham," look out for musical bumps! You get them all right in "Trombone Trouble."



The great man himself. A trifle vexed, on this occasion.



Old Man Condor tried to scare the pants off our hero, but Donald's Tyrolean hat is unshakeable. The Condor is one of Walt Disney's best creations, and will be a favourite wherever this film is shown.



Donald Duck is the cuckoo in the Condor's nest in the new side-splitting Disney short, "Contrary Condor." We particularly admired the feather in Donald's Tyrolean hat.

HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL

See Goofy, as a football coach, bawling out his team of superannuated crocks, if you want a laugh—



—And see Goofy as an All-American star, if you want another.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lucky for that Mickey Mouse that he didn't show up!"

